644. m 14
17

AN ODE ON THE TIMES.

Addreſs'd to — the HOPE *of* Britain.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Doddeſley*, at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-Mall*,
and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops.

LONDON

Printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall,
and Sold at the Pamphlet-shop

TIMES.

ON THE

ODE

IN

Addressed to —— the HOPE of Britain.

AN
ODE
ON THE
TIMES.

I.

YE bold Offenders, quick atone
Your Fathers Vices and your own.
From awful *Jove*'s ſuſpended Hand,
Behold, in the vindictive Sky,
The ready Light'ning wing'd to fly,
And blaſt our guilty Land!

II.

II.

While yet, O *Britons*, while 'tis given
To deprecate offended Heav'n;
Ceaſe, unrepenting, to preſume,
The lifted Bolt ſhall ſtop its Rage,
Or longer ſpare an impious Age,
Devoted to their Doom.

III.

That *lawleſs Force*, and *ſecret Wiles*,
Infeſt our all-corrupted Iſles;
That hiſſing *Envy* points her Stings;
That *Jarrs* ariſe, and foul *Debate*;
That reſtleſs *Factions* vex the State,
From Irreligion ſprings!

IV.

To that dire Source the Nations owe
Their late Diſtreſs, and preſent Woe.
Hence, *Jealouſy*, with jaundic'd Eyes;
Hence *Pride*, that ſwells the vulgar Great,
And *Pow'r*, with ill-gain'd Wealth elate
And publick Rapine riſe,

V.

V

Hence modeſt *Merit* lies obſcure,
Depreſt among the virtuous Poor;
Retiring from a fawning Crowd
Abject, imperious, ſhifting Sides,
With giddy *Fortune*'s various Tides,
Vain, ignorant, and loud.

VI

Lo *Infidelity* begins
A Deluge with her Flood of Sins;
Riſe, ******, riſe, and ſtem their Force,
The rapid Torrent roars along,
Earth groans beneath the driving Throng,
Impetuous in their Courſe!

VII

Each Pigmy with gigantic Strides
Wiſdom omnipotent derides
The ſtrutting Emmets of a Span,
Wou'd fathom with their ſcanty Line,
The boundleſs Depths of Pow'r divine
Unſearchable to Man!

VIII

Now *Blaſphemy* with *Wit*'s raſh Aid,
That ſhocks alone, nor can perſuade,
  Dares with infernal Fury driven
At Majeſty ſupreme to ſpurn,
And 'gainſt th' Almighty's Self to turn
  The nobleſt Gift of Heaven,

IX

Nor *Learning*, *Modeſty*, nor *Truth*,
Are now the Accompliſhments of Youth,
  O Glory of an Age refin'd,
'Tis want of State to think, or read,
And ſhameful, as to know the Creed,
  To cultivate the Mind.

X

To fawn, to lie, betray, and ſmile,
To practiſe ev'ry gainful Wile,
  To flatter thoſe whom we deſpiſe,
To ruin *Virtue* which we hate,
Are the ſure Means, ye conſcious great,
  The modern Arts to riſe.

XI

XI

An open Robber, ver's'd in Ill,
Bold *Calumny* reſolves to kill!
A lurking Thief with mean ſurprize
Inſidious *Slander* ſtrikes the Blow,
That none the Murd'rers Hand may know,
While *Virtue* bleeding dies!

XII

Lo! *Treach'ry* ſpreads her guileful Snares
Envy the Mask of *Friendſhip* wears;
And *Brib'ry* lures with powerful Gold:
See *Honeſty* by Knaves decoy'd,
Behold ſuperior *Worth* deſtroy'd,
And mighty Kingdoms ſold!

XIII

Lo! civil *Diſcord* ſhakes the Land,
Ambition lights her flaming Brand,
The Fury flies with barb'rous Haſte;
Tramples divine and human Laws,
And in ſome royal Madman's Cauſe
Lays the Creation waſte;

XIV.

Is Man by Nature thus deprav'd,
Thus by congenial Vice inflav'd,
  Born in a State of War and Blood.
Have we not love of human Kind,
No ſocial Virtue in the Mind,
  No Principle of Good?

XV.

Or have we neither Pow'r nor Will,
By Conſtitution good, or ill,
  Oh! better we had never been,
If changing Atoms ſway the whole,
If ſubtile matter be the Soul,
  And Man a poor Machine.

XVI.

Or, ſay, does *Int'reſt* turn the Scale
And Self in ev'ry thought prevail?
  Does that ſole Motive prompt each Deed
Is that the Star to ſteer our Courſe
Do *Vice* and *Virtue* from that Source
  Precariouſly proceed.

XVII.

XVII.

Far hence! O far! ſuch Thoughts prophane
Ingrateful, ſordid, weak and vain!
  Dire Schemes! which Demons darkly plan,
Invidiouſly, with curſt Deſign,
At once to ſink the Power Divine,
  And Dignity of Man.

XVIII.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye Sceptics, who degrade,
Abſtracted Reas'ning to a Trade,
  Bewild'ring us with vain Diſputes;
Ceaſe ſerious Trifles to deviſe,
What makes us nor more good nor wiſe,
  But ranks us with the Brutes!

XIX.

Sin, by Degrees, from Habit grows,
The baneful Source of human Woes,
  At which our better Nature ſtart;
Till in our Breaſt the Monſter breeds,
That ſprung from adventitious Seeds,
  And foreign to the Heart.

XX.

Lo! Man in uncorrupted Youth,
With Purity of genuine Truth,
Inclines to follow Virtue's Road;
With his Creator's Image born,
The World to govern and adorn,
Vicegerent of his God!

XXI.

Ere yet we loſe the modeſt Grace,
Ere *Guilt* has bronz'd the bluſhing Face,
While curſt Example would entice;
With Fear and Shame, unpractis'd, young,
We liſten to the *Siren*'s Song,
The Blandiſhments of *Vice*,

XXII.

Thus artleſs Innocents begin,
To learn the Rudiments of *Sin*,
And practiſe what they firſt abhorr'd;
Defying with *Goliah*'s Boaſts,
The Armies of the God of Hoſts,
And him the living Lord.

XXIII.

Legions of Demons ſtraight infeſt,
Thy manſion, *Peace!* the late calm Breaſt,
  Extinguiſhing the heav'nly Spark,
Reaſon! thy intellectual Ray,
While poor benighted Mortals ſtray,
  And wander in the dark.

XXIV.

Lo! *Vice* that from a Pigmy roſe,
Like *Fame* each hour, each moment grows,
  Till ſwelling to enormous Size,
Gath'ring accumulated Strength,
Tow'ring from Earth to Heav'n, at length,
  The Giant ſcales the Skies.

XXV.

From *Cuſtom* date progreſſive *Sin*,
Till all is Anarchy within,
  Till Paſſions rage without Controul,
Till luſtful *Appetite* pull down,
Unguarded *Reaſon* from her Throne,
  And ſenſualize the Soul.

XXVI.

Ye Sophiſts, ye Detractors know,
From *Choice* our Acts ſpontaneous flow;
Not led by *Inſtinct*'s blind Decree,
Forc'd by no abſolute Controul,
Exerted by the Power of Soul,
And with *Reflection* free.

XXVII.

Lo! ev'n in theſe degen'rate Times,
Polluted with nefarious Crimes,
One man among'ſt th' untained Few,
Who dares ingage in *Virtue*'s Cauſe,
And ſtand the Champion of her Laws,
Without a venal View.

XXVIII.

Gen'rous in Manners as in Blood,
He tow'rs by Inclination good,
Superior to the Wiles of State;
Whoſe native Worth ev'n Courts refin'd,
But never could corrupt a Mind,
Inflexible as Fate.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Thy Delegate, fair *Juſtice!* hail,
******, who holds thy even Scale,
Awful, collected and prepar'd,
Thy ſacred Dictates to obey,
To rule the Land with righteous Sway,
And puniſh or reward.

XXX.

Freedom of Will and ſacred *Choice*,
In him ſhall ſilence *Slander*'s Voice;
The Love Heav'n planted in his Mind,
Diffuſive to his Species flows,
A Patriot of this World it ſhows,
And Friend of Human Kind.

F I N I S.

XXIX.

Thy Delegate, fair Justice! hail,
*****, who holds thy even Scale,
Awful, collected and prepar'd,
Thy sacred Dictates to obey,
To rule the Land with righteous Sway,
And punish or reward.

XXX.

Freedom of Will and sacred Choice,
In him shall silence Sunday's Voice;
The Love Heav'n planted in his Mind,
Diffusive to his Species flows,
A Patriot of this World it owes,
And Friend of Human Kind.